

THE TILE OF HEAVENLY BLUE

LING FOO, the fan of Mystery, arose from his evening meal and took the fan and the steaming faccloth, which the venerable grand old had ready in waiting at his side. Thus cooling himself according to the custom and tradition of his ancestors, he said to the aged matron, "I ascend this evening to the upper hall and will spend the hours in quiet thought and meditation. Speak to Old Chang when he returns and tell him not to open the gates to any visitors. He is merely to receive the honorable cards and ask the gracious guests to call again when the skies are brightening"—this being the old word for term in "torment." The old man walked for few moments up and down the stone-paved courtyard and then mounted the little staircase to the floor above. He passed through his study, which bore the significant name of "The Glade of Quiet Reflection," and, unlocking a central door concealed by a silken curtain, entered a dark apartment which adjoined it.


"The Grotto of Mystic Changes," for that was the meaning of the great golden symbols on the central wall, was a large chamber. The Bluebeard, a place, which the freed of the ordinary mortal never enters, was here. Ling Foo placed himself none but the venerable grand one ever cross its threshold, and then only with needed purpose, solving their lips were regularly sworn to a silence, more than any other than the sanctum sanctorum where modern science, with all its various appliances ascertains mysteries and the detection of many a secret crime of the far east. As he lighted candles, his rays revealed a number of cabinets and shelves filled with rows of retorts, and the apparatus of the chemist and the electrician, and, in the corner, a complete outfit for the development of photographic plates and films.

Wong Foo stepped to the table in the center of the room, and leaning from a wooden frame holding four glass test tubes, he held them up to the light and examined them critically. "Aha!" he exclaimed with a tone of satisfaction, "we are getting nearer! We are certainly getting nearer! These things will take hours and all will be ready for the final test. Tube No. 1 shows the setting of the matter; we reach our solution is not dense enough; we must wait until we catch heaven's deepest blue." Then he turned to a little cage in the corner where a white rabbit was munching contentedly a morsel of alfalfa. "You must sacrifice you to the altar of science," he carefully replaced the four tubes in the rack, and then he slipped the lamp, passed back quietly into the study, where a number of important papers were waiting for examination.

[illegible]

the luck" that cut so short his delightful afternoon with the widow.

"MRS. WILKINS has just been telling me about the loss of their two dear little Japanese dogs," said Mrs. De Peyster as she joined the group at Lady Beecham's side in Government Gardens; "isn't it just awful? Why, she says she thinks there is a regular plot on the part of the Chinese to drive all foreign dogs out of the colony, and so they're be-



ginning to poison them on the sly, every chance they get. (She did not notice that a dignified native gentleman standing by caught her remark and turned his footsteps in her direction.) Mrs. Whitmarsh lost her Tricky a few days ago and I've just heard from my husband that Capt. McAlpin told them at the Club Tiffin that his little pet dog had been poisoned in the same mysterious way. (The native gentleman seemed more and more interested, and, casually taking a little memorandum out of his sleeve, jotted down a few rapid notes.) I wonder if Sir Everington heard of it and what he thinks of it."

"My husband was speaking of it at breakfast this very morning," replied Mrs. De Peyster, "and he said that while he had known of such things happening among the natives in India and Burma, he couldn't really conceive of their happening in a civilized community like Hong-Kong—but here he comes himself; let us ask him."

"We were just speaking, dear, of the poisoning of those little pet dogs, and Mrs. De Peyster seems to think that it's a general plot of the natives to drive them all out of the colony—that is possible that some servant or employee may have a grudge against the governor, 'it's just one of those foolish scares that nervous citizens get into when two or three cases of anything whatever happen in the colony. It is true that several of us have lost valuable dogs within the last few days—and all of them apparently from poisoning—but this may be just an accidental coincidence, or it is possible that some servant or employee may have a grudge against their owners and have gratified it in this unfortunate way. I don't think we should really hear anything more of it."

These reassuring remarks on the part of the governor were hardly enough to prevent the excitable and talkative Mrs. De Peyster—who was always only too ready to believe anything bad that was in an act of confinement—from adding that she felt convinced that there was some religious superstition behind the poisoning, unless they took prompt measures to suppress it some ridiculous "loss of life" would be in the slaughter of all their pets, and to earrots and canaries. This opinion certainly received some additional weight from the fact that she had just read of the Morning Press:

"MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF VALUABLE DOGS.

"The sudden death, apparently from poison, of a number of pet dogs in the colony has led to an unfortunate misunderstanding of some of the Chinese on the part of some superstitious and vindictive natives, for some accidental response to a sacred dog in a local shrine. We do not concur in this belief ourselves and we look upon the reported Chinese superstitions to do with us in immediately correcting this report before it grows to a possibly dangerous proportion."

Wang Foo leaned over his table and carefully perused the English newspaper, and its Chinese translation, in the evening edition. He also looked over the notes which he had jotted down in Government Gardens. He touched the silver bell and the venerable grand one mounted the little stairs, "Lao Tai Tai, chow sang tauk, lei kok, lei lei, lei lei, Miao chuk, ching Lao Fu Tze king bang chuk lei, lai!" (Venerable Grand One, he repeated to himself, tell him to go to the temple of the Queen of Heaven and ask the venerable father to come here this evening.)

"Hien Sang sho ting hao, Chu Jintze hwa ee Jing tso liao!" was the immediate response. (The clever horn speaketh well; the master's words have already been obeyed!) In less than an hour the abbot's sedan-chair was deposited at 5-5-5 in the Red Cloud alley, and, after the ceremonial tea and pipes, the two friends met for a quiet conference to the room above.

Wang Foo began: "We are in some danger, venerable father, of more racial clashing in the colony, which we must take immediate steps to prevent. I have heard of the poisoning of the dogs? If not, kindly cast an honorable glance at this." He handed him a copy of the Chinese paper. The abbot adjusted his round horn goggles and carefully perused the article, "Hung Miao, Hung Miao," he repeated to himself several times—"Local Shrine, Local Shrine!" "Ah! that can refer only to the Quiet Glade of the Lian-yang Macao wharf, concerning which the coolies are always so jealous. I have heard of the poisoning of the dogs, but the designer has stirred up their anger by insulting the idol; if so, we must take immediate steps to soothe their feelings or the government will be obliged to take action."

surely shut down on us, and then"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"away goes a large part of my temple income, for the llama dog always pays handsome tribute to the queen of heaven?"

"I do not really believe that anything of the kind has taken place at all," replied the detective, "but at the same time I am most anxious, as your venerable father, so well know, to stop any such rumor at once and to do all I can to preserve that good feeling between the races that has made Hong Kong famous all over the east. We both remember that once several years ago, do we not, when we almost came to a riot down on the wharves, because a party of vulgar tourists threw their cigar stumps right at the head of this same sacred dog of the lamas? Well, we don't want that repeated."

"What do you wish?"

"My plan, which has been most carefully thought out, and which I now humbly submit for your approval, is that we should both make a careful investigation of this thing, but that we should do it separately. I want you to pay a visit to the dog shrine, dropping in without notice and quite informally—ask the old priest how business generally is going, etc., etc., and note carefully his replies. Watch him closely to see if he is attempting to conceal anything, although I do not think he will, so even there is anything in this story of the foreign insult, either he or one of his servants will be sure to leak it out."

"And if it should happen to be true, what then?"

"Why, then you will naturally use every argument in your power to have it quieted down and ignored. As a loyal citizen of the colony you will plead for its peace and security; as a disciple of the sages you will quote the sublime words of harmony and good will, and lastly, you can phrase the financial issue, if you wish, by showing him how your mutual income would fall off should the government have to suspend all worship at the shrine."

"Fu tze yen tsung, yiu loon tse yiu seng!" exclaimed the abbot. ("Wise are the words of the philosopher, and deeper than the dragon's pool"). "And I, on my part, will carefully go into the crowded huts until they come to the various foreign homes and interviewing the people, and we shall be ready to confer together again in about a week's time. Are we perfectly agreed?"

"Their words and thoughts did blend as the twin sources of the sacred river"—is it not so written in the analects?"

"Venerable father, it is!"

And so the interview ended, and old Chang kwung back the outer gate to let the coolies carry the temple sedan to the roadway.

* * * *

It was well past the usual hour of bedtime in Hong Kong when a somewhat dilapidated sampan sculled out into the harbor and headed for the opposite shore. Two dark figure crept out from under the mat-sheet and stepped off onto the beach. Silently they wended their way among the rocks and bushes, and came to a creaked alley that led them to a lonely small brick house almost hidden by the overhanging cliff. Over the door was an old Chinese sign, much the worse for wear, which announced that "Tung tik sui chi fak" (the door was an old Chinese sign, much the worse for wear, which announced that "Articles of brass and iron are here made for our honorable customers." After several knockings at the entrance it was finally opened and the two passed inside.

The apartment into which they entered was dim and dingy and bore all the usual signs of the native worker in metals. There was the bench with the tools and beyond it an anvil and a block of metal. On the wall were the lying around on the rough board shelves were unfinished pipes and bowls and pincers and tongs such as rare used in the humbles Celestial home.

"You have brought the tiles?" inquired "Silver Star" (or "Ying Sing") of his visitors, "and they are three in all?"

"Behold them!" they cried, as they unwrapped a couple of rough-looking packages from beneath their coats.



"And they are the genuine heavenly blue from the crown of the goddess?"

"There are no other like them."

"True!" True!" cried Ying Sing, "I know them at once; they are priceless. The peach-blow glaze of the Ming is as nothing to this deep blue of the Tangs. I must copy it for my brass enamel. It will take three days and then you shall carry them back

and replace them just where they were and the secret shall be mine. Here are your dollars and now begone! Three nights hence you return at the self-same hour!"

At the appointed night and hour Ying Sing's hired thieves awaited their master's bidding. They received back again the three heavenly tiles, the se-



"WE MAY HAVE TO SACRIFICE YOU ON THE ALTAR OF SCIENCE."

cret of whose wondrous color he had now discovered, and crossing back to the colony, they climbed over the back wall of the temple of the Queen of Heaven, and replaced them in the large blue canopy over the head of the goddess, which her devotees called her crown. Yes! They certainly reclaimed them there, in spite of the fact that the very next day Ying Sing climbed up the ladder hanging over the side of the P. & O. liner in the harbor, with the three very same tiles concealed in a leather valise! But strange things happen in China.

Having eluded the customs officer, who was leaning over the rail smoking a cigar with the pilot, he slid quietly along the deck until he came to room 63, where he stopped and gently knocked. "Come in," said a rather gruff voice from within.

"And have you brought the goods with you, as we say in the U. S. A.?"

"My hab got, all proper."

"Well, then, come on in then," said Archibald Wilkins, the senior member of the firm of Wilkins Brothers, the most famous art dealers of Boston, "and if they're the genuine things, you're the richest man on earth. And we'll give you a safe-pan in this harbor."

Ying Sing opened the valise and unfolded the cotton bags that concealed the treasures. Mr. Wilkins took the tiles and, holding them up to a powerful electric bulb (which he had substituted for the dim lamp of the cabin), examined them long and carefully with a powerful pocket lens. When thoroughly convinced that they were genuine "Fangas," he turned and asked: "Where did you get them? You are quite sure that they are your own family's heirlooms and that they have not been stolen from you?"

"No," Ying Sing was indignant, "to say the least, and, putting on a look of injured innocence that would have done justice to a Raphael cherub, answered: "Where did you get them? You are quite sure that they are your own family's heirlooms and that they have not been stolen from you?"

"Spose you believe, all right my Chinese elder man," The American apologized for his suspicion, and after the usual haggling Ying Sing slid over the side of the ship with a spector Gubbins of the police, and he was naturally as anxious as any one to prevent an international incident.

"No," he had called out once on the editor and had traced the rumor concerning the insult at the shrine to a native reporter of this individual, admitted that he had no actual evidence to go on, but had gathered the story from the suggestions of a personal friend, who was none other than the aforementioned Yung Lung, the Whitmarsh's bungalow.

"Now, what possible reason could the 'fallen' Yung Lung have for spreading a tale of this kind?" was the question which the inspector put to Wang Foo when they met by appointment at headquarters to talk the case over together.

"What reason except his personal love for his mistress and his devotion to her dear little Titty?"

"How many European dogs have you seen naturally going to the 'Titty'?"

"Eight in all, sir," was the answer.

"Well, now that we think of it, that is not such a very large number, but the trouble is that they all happen to be valuable animals and their owners are prominent residents."

"I wonder if we could get an accurate list of them anywhere?"

"I can have naturally given inquiries and have them right here in my notebook," (drawing it out from his sleeve). There is, first, Mr. MacAlpin's Chop-sticks, and Fuji and Yama, the Japanese dogs of the Wilkins Brothers; then the two pointers belonging to Col. Yardley at the barracks, that is six, and lastly—there are the two little collies, two Scotch collies which arrived for Lady Beecham by the Glammorgan, that makes the eight, does it not?"

"Exactly so, it was first in every case, was it?"

"So every one thought at first, for people have naturally given conclusions, but Veterinary Tompkins says now that the pointers really died of tetanospasms, and the two little collies just couldn't stand the heat. That reduces the list, you see, to exactly four."

And there is no doubt about the poison.

"None whatever—the symptoms in each case were identical."

"Well," continued the inspector, after a moment's thought, "then there

Second: First, what was the poison? Solve, who administered it. And, third, what was his object? Our very next move, of course, is to get Tompkins to make an analysis.

"Sorry, but it is too late."

"Too late?"

"Too late," unfortunately, Trixy was told by the house boy to a beggar for his hide; Chop-sticks was tossed into the sea, and a hoodoo was cast on the Japanese poodles were cremated."

"Cremated?" Why, what in the world would that do?

"Well, you see, Mrs. Wilkins had told them that that was the custom for their native land and the children had been a hoodoo, and the warden must have a proper Japanese funeral."

"Did you ever—"

"One important factor that I think you have overlooked," interrupted Wang Foo.

"What is that?"

"Why? The place where it occurred. I have discovered that Capt. McAlpin always took Chop-sticks with him when he went to the bungalow on the marsh; that the Wilkins' girls had taken the poodles there to play the game that the dogs died, and Trixy, of course, was in the bungalow at the time."

Then there is only one conclusion to draw, viz. The warden was servants did it, and that sick Yung Lung of hers knows all about it!"

"I think we had better arrest the whole gang in the morning—coo boy, coo, amah and all—and get to the bottom of this. The warden is native grilling; what do you say?"

"Better wait a few days longer; as I need a map may turn up, was the carefully worded answer of Wang Foo.

AND something certainly did turn up a few days later when the captain paid another visit to the ever-attractive bungalow, and this time had the pleasure of introducing our famous detective to the widow. At his especial request she showed him the little drawing room where the children had played with the poodles, and it was there that he first noticed her cabinet of curios and began to take a rather unusual interest in a beautiful blue tile which she especially prized.

"A genuine Tang? Mr. Wang," she exclaimed with delight, as she opened the glass door and brought it out. "Very rare, of course, that they are the last words—so that the ever-curious houseboy behind the screen should find the Reunion of the Clouds. The only others in Hong Kong are in the Government Museum."

"And Wang Foo added to himself, "in the canopy over the queen of heaven."

It is an awful shame that it got chipped off the way he happened to a jagged edge. "But to accident! He dropped it on the stone hearth the other day, while showing it to the Wilkins' girls. He had been to the mother now, just outside our gate; you must excuse me just a moment while I go and bury this thing, and take to her" (Chinese for "How do you do?").

A genial captain insisted on accompanying her out to the sedan chair—he would have been delighted to accompany her to the ends of the earth, if he had been a more worthless Mrs. Wilkins, who by general consent was the greatest matchmaker in the colony. "I am more sensible than to say: 'Why? Capt. McAlpin, declare! What a surprise to find you here! How long your ship is staying in port this time, isn't it? And isn't

BOOTHBY

By Edmond

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson.

WHEN the details of the inheritance were arranged, Michel found himself the richest of the family in his part of the country. He had his land, and that of Tienette, his wife. He had the share of his twin brother Sidore and the portion of his two nephews who had been killed in the war. And added to these were the pieces which he had bought during his long lifetime. He said to his wife: "What will you do with all this property when I am dead?"

He kept on repeating this question. But he wasn't in earnest. He asked it only to conceal his malice, for he had no idea of dying first. He was never doubtful that he would bury his wife some day or other. If you wanted to irritate him he had only to say:

"Your wife looks extraordinarily well. She is never sick. She will live to be a hundred."

Then he looked her over thoroughly to catch the slightest signs of weakness, some promise of serious illness. He hoped that she would come down with something, and that he would be able, perhaps, for whom he was amazing all this property—he who was already sixty years old and had neither sons nor daughters, to leave her his two nephews. For whom? For himself. For the pleasure of owning the land, and the right to be sleeping at night. The land—it gets its grip on you. But this old man's love of the land was not so much a passion as it was a love of the more fiercely jealous he was of his possessions.

YOU could see that when he had his first stroke. Tienette looked after him and took the greatest trouble to make him comfortable. But he, always bewailing his weakness, kept doubling her burdens. "Do I not love you that?" He never left her a moment's peace. When she had almost broken her back nursing him in the daytime he did everything he could to prevent her sleeping at night. When he saw her close her eyelids he aroused her to ask her some trivial question.

"Pull up the covers, I'm cold. Take off the spread, I'm too warm. Rearrange my pillows, my back is sore. Do it more quickly than you leave the door open!"

Sometimes he shouted:

"You are dying to see me go out feet first, so that you will have everything!"

When she took down a piece of kitchenware to scour it or looked in the closet for linen, he said:

"Don't let your dowry rest on my touch that. It's mine. I'm not dead enough yet for you to rifle the house." And she made no reply. She couldn't. An answer remained obsessed with his lica:

"I may die of this stroke and she will be left with nothing!"

He thought only of that. You could read it in his little narrow eyes. He had accommodated himself to the thought of no heirs, and he loved the land, since even the most covetous person knows that he can't carry the land off with him. But he was not to acquire all his rights—that was too much for him. And the more that thought possessed him the angrier he grew. He was not to have anything, any one in all his life. But he had never defeated any one as much as he had himself. He was not to have that that he might die and that she would be his sole inheritor.

He thought of his own death, of his expense, as was natural. More than one in the village had a grudge against him, for he had always been an oppressor and he had never taken pleasure in baiting him.

You don't need to worry, here! Michel would go on just the same. Tienette has good judgment and courage and she will do it.

It strange that you are so fond of walking up this awfully steep road?" and then, with a most significant shrug at them both together, he added, "I suppose I am still a little premature in tendering my congratulations, am I not?"

In that very moments alone in the room, Wang Foo carefully searched the floor with his flashlight. He found a bottle of wine, a casket, under the cabinet, a few fragments of blue enamel that looked like little crumpled colored paper. He eagerly gathered them up, placed them in a little purse in his girdle, and that night in the Grotto of Mystery he mixed with the stock of chemical analysis with which our story begins.

"I have solved the mystery at last," he said, "and I have found the noble Abbot, as they held their final meeting in the Glade of Quiet Reflection. My little rabbit has died, and the man who poisoned the killed the foreigners' pets."

"And the poison is—"

"And that is what I suspected: the Lan Ling Yu (Pearl of the Blue Dragon), the fatal brew described in the 'Deadly Secrets of the Tangs'! See! Ready, now, I will read you an ancient volume and pointing out a line to his astonished visitor—"this deadliest of poisons, the Lan Ling Yu, made of the yellow Canton bee produces the Glaze of Heaven blue."

"And have you solved the mystery?" he exclaimed, the abbot, none other than the thief who stole the tiles from the Grotto's canopy and then made the noise."

"No! Not the same, he replaced them with the counterfeit of poison. I have solved the ones he sold to the foreign dealer."

"Then it was one of wax that the lady bought?"

"No! The candles and the dogs playing in the drawing room and searching for bits of the children's candy swallowed the fragments and so they died."

"Then Silver Star, the metal worker, is the villain?"

"He certainly is the guilty party. And now we have an illustration of the Master's words, 'The people of the west are ignorant of the value of things of western science, at which so many of our scholars sneer, we have saved our colony from trouble—'

"Yes, and I wish to all the Buddhas, we have saved the income of our temple, for now the stream of cash will flow in steadily from the shrine of the Lohan Dog."

WHEN the Australian mail steamer, W after a month or more in dry dock, finally started out for the south, some of the people were rather surprised to see the first officer in charge on the bridge and the well-known skipper a passenger in the cabin. But the bunting that decorated the ship from stern to bow said so nothing of the fact that a Mrs. McAlpin's name was on the list of those invited to the wedding of a very happy wedding in Hong Kong Cathedral and the delightful prospect of honeymoon in the southern seas. Among the guests were a number of men from the wharf to say "Bon voyage" was Wang Foo, the solver of mysteries, who had told him his oriental glory. As he greeted them he placed in the hands of his old friend those little crumpled bits of blue silk and told him to open it and find it over his bride, explaining as he did so that the ivory carving on the handle was the Corleian Canope of our Goddasses."

"Why! How perfectly lovely," she cried, "and how deep rich in color. I will cherish it at once as my 'TILE OF HEAVENLY BLUE.'"

(Copyright, 1921.)

PERE MICHEL

Haracourt.

she has cousins who will be willing to help her."

"No," said another, "they won't refuse, since it all will go to them some day."

HE ground his teeth as he listened. He raged inwardly and writhed in his bed. He was like a chained animal trying to break the chain with his paws. It would have killed him if he had stayed there. So he got up his anker and strong min strength. He began to walk about.

"Not this time," he said.

The physician warned him that another attack would carry him off; that he must be careful, mustn't go out when it was too warm or too cold, and mustn't climb stairs.

"Right. I see what I have to do."

He had his idea, the old rascal! A horse as he could get out of the house, he would take his wagon and drove to the notary's.

"See," he said, "I can't work any more, I must wait till the end of my strength. Tienette is at the end of hers. We are through with cultivating the fields. It breaks my heart but I must do it. I have no other thing. With the money you can buy me rentes and we will have to live on the income for some time."

The notary asked nothing better. He posted notices of sale. There is a lack of money in the country since the war. He sold this little place and the notary bought government bonds. When Pere Michel saw the money he came back and he put them on the table and explained to Tienette:

"You see, you have only to take the scissors. You cut this little piece there—like that. Then the job is over. It's easier than spading a field."

He grinned. But three months later he had another attack. He knew that his end had come. He knew it in the doctor's room. When he spoke in whispers in the room he pretended to be asleep in order to hear what his wife was saying. He saw Tienette weeping. He saw the priest coming with his oils. They gave him someunction.

"I am lost," he said to himself.

He had the air of taking the matter in good part, of not worrying. He was waiting to attend to heaven, to hell, like a man who had other things in his mind, something much more important to attend to. After the priest went away he said:

"My poor wife, there is nothing else to do. I am going. The good Lord won't could be second for me. I had a mind to. I rely on Him. But it is necessary that some one with a good heart should be left to take care of me. Go to the church and make a prayer for your husband and he will recover. Put a log on the fire and cook some soup."

She was reluctant to leave him.

"You would rather have me die, wouldn't you? Wicked, wicked woman!"

He urged her so strongly that at last she obeyed. When he was out of the house he got up, opened his closet, took out the bonds and burned them all in the fireplace. Then he stumbled back into bed and died.

Looking Ahead.

A LECTURER said in a talk on feminism: "Nothing angers a woman more than an unjust accusation. Would you rouse the sleeping tiger in the economical housewife's rage? Then accuse her of extravagance."

An economical housewife told her husband the other morning that she'd have to ask him for a dollar more a week on account of the high cost of living.

"I'll try and give you a half-dollar," he said, "but I can't give you a dollar. You're pretty extravagant, Amelia."

"Me extravagant?" And Amelia laughed bitterly. "Well, the housewife who has saved her wedding dress for over thirty years on the chance that she'll need it some day."

"Keep the Reform Fires Burning," Says Lardner

TO the Editor: Several people has wrote to me lately complaining that they haven't been no new reforms suggested in the land of the free in the last couple of wks., and it begins to look like the boys that takes care of our morals was loafing on the job and why didn't I step in and give them some new ideas to work on.

Well, I can name a whole lot of things that could stand a trip to the cleaners only you can't expect to reform everything at once, and you half can't pick out one to start in on so why not begin with the advertising business which some of my



"IF THE MAIL MAN DIDN'T HAVE NUTHIN' TO DO BUT DELIVER THIS GUY'S INVITATIONS THEY WOULD LOCK HIM UP AS A VAGRANT"

best friends is mixed up in it, but when the public welfare is concerned a man shouldn't let personal feelings interfere. They's plenty of room for a moral uplift amongst the boys and gals that writes our ads. and a man don't realise how much till you make a study of it like I done.

The way I come to get interested in it was last fall when I was talking to a friend of mine that writes ads and I was telling him how hard it is to make both ends meet the



"OUR MOTHERS OR GRANDMOTHERS IN THEIR ROOMS A SAUCER OF FRESH CREAM"

other and he asked me why didn't I try and write ads too which he says they was good money in it.

So I told him I couldn't never be a ad writer because I haven't got no imagination, so he says that is the last thing a man needs to write ads because when you write them now days for a first class concern they won't let you tell nothing but the truth about their goods and further and more if you don't tell the truth, the high class magazines won't print the ads.

So I says do you mean to say that all the ads you read in the magazines is nothing but facts, and he says you bet they are and I will give you a dollar for every miss statement you find in them, so I asked him what he considered was the high class magazines and he named a few of them and I bought them and when I didn't have nothing else to do I looked through them at the ads. Well friends, if I had of taken this bird up on his offer he could of paid his air tax with the change from a ride.

One of the first ads I run across was a ad of a cold cream and the word that makes it is A No. 1 and O. K. but here is how the ad stacked out.

"Most of us can remember when our mothers or grandmothers on retiring used to take with them to their rooms a saucer of fresh cream."

"Well, personally, I didn't remember no such a thing but I wanted to make it a fair test so I chose it to be at random and says to them one at a time:

"Can you remember when your mother or grandmother on retiring used to take with them to their room a saucer of fresh cream?"

Six out of the 10 replied with the short and ugly word "No". Three of them gave me a dirty look and the other says:

"I have heard that one"

I come to a ad of a winter top for cars that for all as I know it may be a good winter top but the ad says:

"Bad weather is the time you need your car most."

So I asked 4 guys when they needed their car most and 2 of them says in summer when its the golf season and the other one says whenever its laid up in the garage. And while we are talking about automobile accessories, they was another ad that said:

"Every owner wants his gold initials on side door of his automobile."

I made inquiries about this from 3 boys that owns cars and they couldn't get a civil answer out of none of them.

Then they was a ad that said:

"No gift from a father to a son could be more sensible than a razor."

I didn't half to make no inquiries about that as I have got 4 sons of my own and its just a question in my mind whether it would be more sensible to give them a razor or lock them up in a room with a mad dog.

And speaking about razors they was a shaving cream that they claim

ed made shaving a pleasure, but I still think the man who shaves the man that makes it and gets it for nothing, I bet when they are through their work and out for a good time they don't go home and shave themselves all the evening or they don't never think of spending their vacation removing their whiskers with this here cream.

Another ad sung the praise of a certain mince meat and it said down at the bottom "Thursday's my day and as such is observed nationally."

Well friends how many of you gets every Thursday off or tends special church services once a wk. in honor of mince meat and how many of you goes around all day Thursday saying "Cleanliness brings happiness and good cheer." Is another bold statement which it looks like it was open to question.

For inst. I got 4 people right here in the house that ain't happy if they ain't dirty, and just the idea of getting cleaned up is enough to send them into a tantrums.

Then I come across 2 ads of musical instruments one of which I happen to know about personally myself. It says:

"You can double your income, your pleasure and your popularity with a saxophone." Well one of them things was given to me 2 yrs. ago and so far my income ain't nowhere near double, and in the second place I can enjoy a good show or a fight just as much or even more so if I leave my saxophone home, and as far as popularity is concerned I kind of feel like maybe we would have more callers if we traded this elegant instrument for a couple of bottles of Scotch.

The other ad said:

"If you can play quaint dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the ukelele you will be wanted everywhere."

Well, I know a bird that can do that little thing and I can name a 100 places he ain't wanted to none where he is wanted, and if the mail man didn't have nothing to do but deliver this guy's invitations they would lock him up as a vagrant.

And another one was the washing machine ad. It says:

"For a mother young or old, no gift could be better proof of thoughtful affection."

I know mothers both young and old that if you played the advertisement of a washing machine they would show their appreciation of your thoughtful affection with a wallop in the jaw.

Those are only a few samples but they are enough to convince me that the advertising game is far from dead.



DICK JORDAN
1/30/12

ERS ON RETIRING USED TO TAKE TO
ER OF FRESH CREAM."

pure and I don't see why the Sunday people pay \$185. E. O. B. Albany, mentioning that if you live way off somewhere like Utica the chassis won't only cost you \$1750 and then all as you half to buy is a body and a steering wheel and a couple spare tires. The 7 passenger model has room for 3 row seats, a spare wheel. The Echo don't use hardly and gas as she is laid up most of the time. The Echo don't need no patent safety locking device. Her looks is her protection."

That is the way to make them advertise, gentis, and when you get a system like that working, they won't be no more pitiful cases like the poor sap I spoke of, that went and learned how to play the ukelele. Hawaiian music on a ukelele and there's only one place he is ever asked to go.

RING W. LARDNER.
Long's Island, Jan. 28.

Avoiding Trouble

A CONGRESSMAN at a dinner held up his hand when a prohibition argument broke out at the end of the table. The congressman, who looked at him interrogatively. He said:

"A prohibition argument always reminds me of the Smythes."

"John," said Mrs. Smythe, "if we were both young and single again would you ask me to be your wife, the same like you did in the moonlight on the ocean pier that summer night?"

"Now," my love, said Smythe, "squirming uneasily in his chair—now, my love, just when we've settled down for a pleasant evening what's the reason you're trying to start something?"

A. Materialistic Age.

GEORGE BELLOW, the New York artist, was talking about the materialism of some of the modern girls.

Two modern girls he said, "were smoking cigarettes with their after-lunch coffee in a downtown restaurant the other day."

"Anyhow," said the first girl, and she heaved a deep sigh—"anyhow, darling, it's never so hard to love and lost than never to have loved at all."

"Yes, that's right," said the second modern girl, provided you keep the